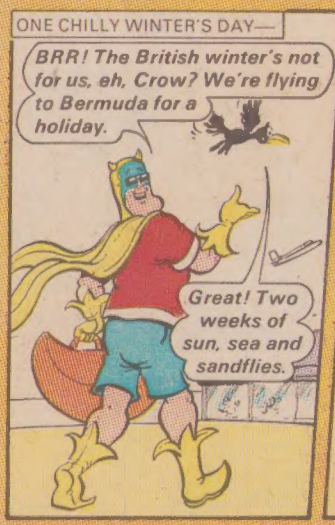
NUTTY

18p
IR-29p
(inc. VAT)

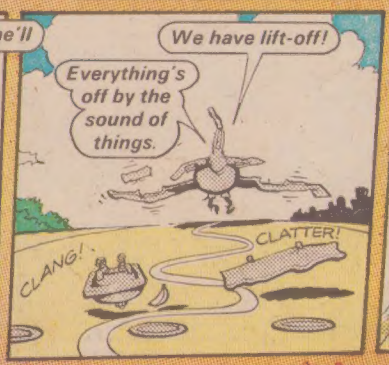
EVERY SATURDAY No. 256 Jan. 5th, 1985

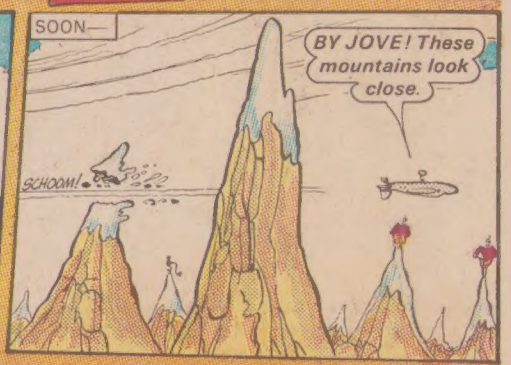
THE COMIC WITH YOUR TV STAR

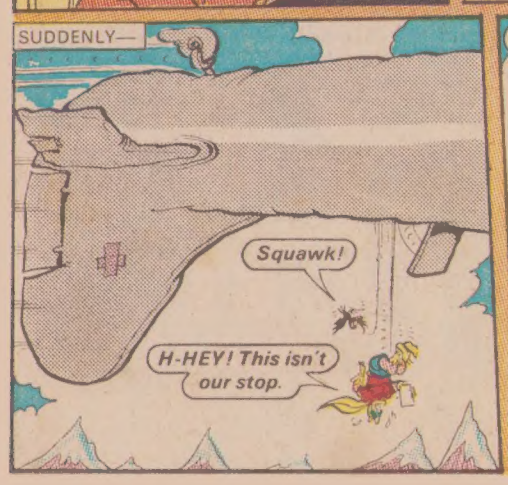
BANANAMAN

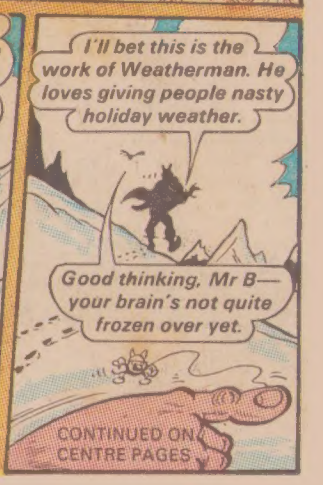

ONE CHILLY WINTER'S DAY—
BRR! The British winter's not for us, eh, Crow? We're flying to Bermuda for a holiday.
Great! Two weeks of sun, sea and sandflies.

Suppose we can't expect much of a plane when the holiday only cost me nine pence.
I've got stronger wings than this thing, Mr B.
FLUMMET AIRLINES
YOU'VE HEARD OF THE DAKOTA— THIS IS THE OVER-KOTA!








I'll bet this is the work of Weatherman. He loves giving people nasty holiday weather.
Good thinking, Mr B— your brain's not quite frozen over yet.
CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

WHASSAT?

BANG! BANG!

WAAH! What a rotten thing to do.

The Antiques Roadshow is in town, Folks, so look out your old valuables and curios.

HO! HO! That van of theirs is a proper antique itself.

ANTIQUES ROAD-SHOW TOWNHALL TODAY

BANG!

BANG!

My grandad's house is the place for antiques.

MOMENTS LATER—

Right, Rotters, to the town hall.

Hmm! And old bath, eh? Not much value in that, Lads.

Oh, yes there is—my grandad's a genuine antique.

Cheeky young whapper-snipper. Take me home, the water's getting cold!

HEY, LOOK—AN OLD PAIR OF BELLOWS.

SSH! No need to BELLOW!

They're in perfect working order, too.

OH, NO! My valuable stamp collection.

BLAST!

YUK! YUK! Jay R's sending them by AIR MAIL.

GOSH! What lovely large china dogs.

This looks a smashin' place for rotters.

Meet Ping and Pong—a couple of genuine Chinese guard dogs.

YIKES! They're REAL!

GLLOWL!

NTY.5.1.85

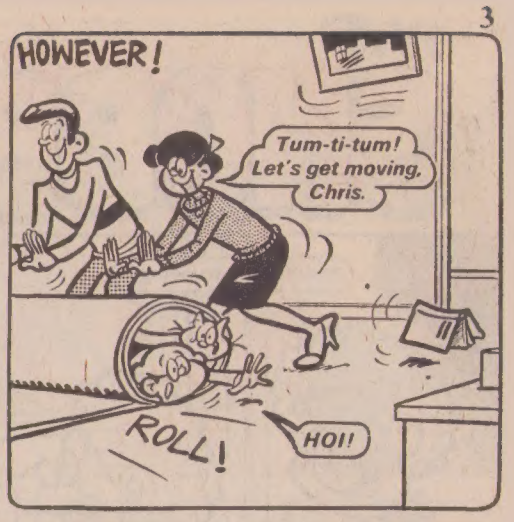
It's nice of these boys to demonstrate how the old organ grinders used to make money with their dancing monkey.

BAH! He's sure made a monkey out of me.

GLL!

PETER Pest

WHAT A PEACEFUL SCENE!
Good book, this.

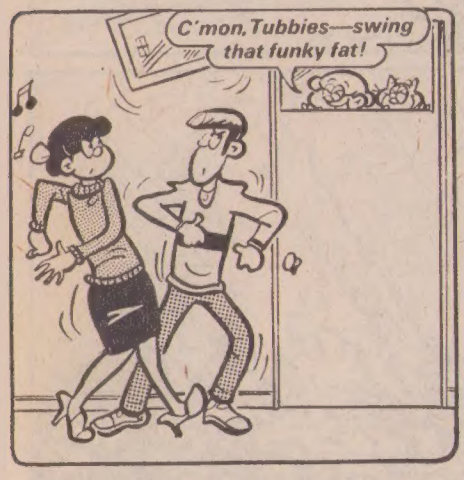

HOWEVER!
Tum-ti-tum! Let's get moving, Chris.
ROLL!
HOI!

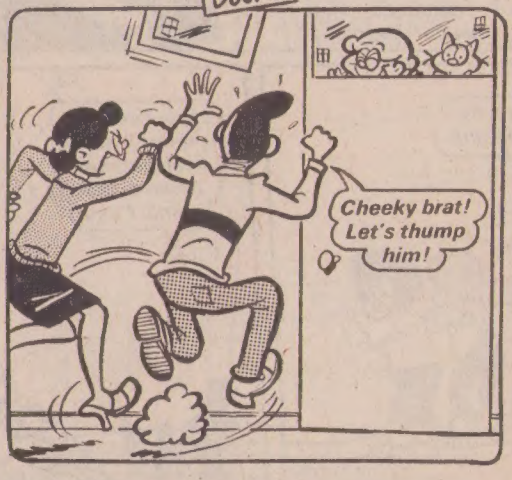
MIFFED!
Sorry, Peter. Never saw you there.
CLICK!

We've entered for the disco dancing competition.

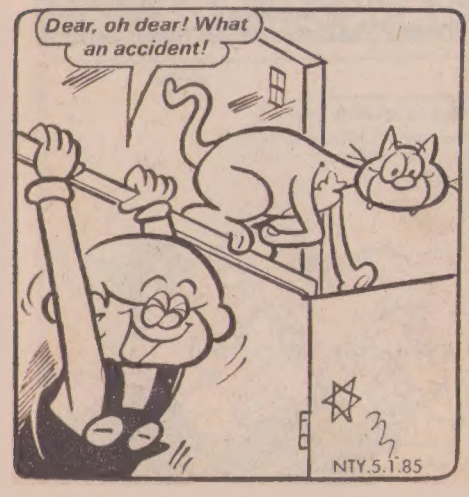
Kindly remove your person from the floor.
SHOWN THE DOOR!

I must see them dancing.


C'mon, Tubbies—swing that funky fat!


Cheeky brat! Let's thump him!

CRASH!


Dear, oh dear! What an accident!
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THAT AFTERNOON...
DISCO DANCING
With their routine called Dance STEPS— the winners are . . .

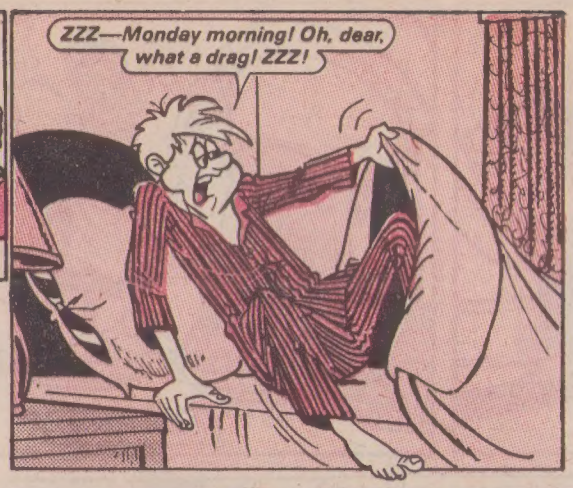
. . . Doris and Chris!
Wait till I get out of here!
DISCO DANCING
JAMMED!
Huh! You wouldn't have won without me!

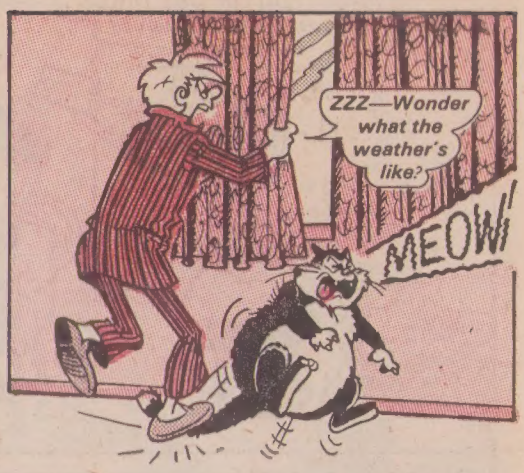
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

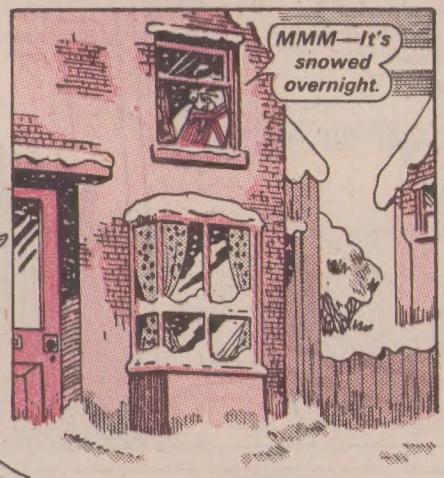
Ra! Ra! It's snowing!
Oooo! Spiffety-poo!
Being Snobbs we'll build very upper class snowmen.
WETS
SOON—
RASP! I've seen the snowplough leave better looking heaps than that.
Huh! It's a snow knight fighting a dreadful dragon.
Your grotty snowman is melting. Hee! Hee!
I'll show yer why the snow is melting, kids.
Look, I've built my finest compost heap yet. I'm proud o' that pong, I am.
Titter! It's making the new snowflakes faint.
NTY.5.1.85
And you most certainly can't borrow any of our Snobby snow.

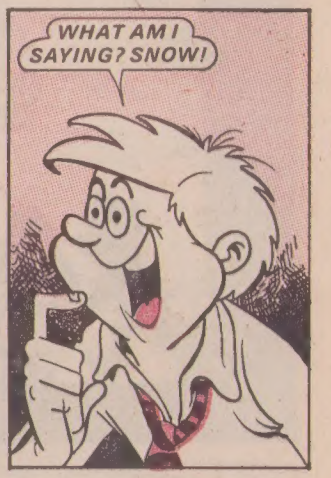
THEN—
AHOY! YOU LOT OUT THERE! Breakfast will be served in two minutes.
OATS
Eat it up—I slaved all morning over a hot cement mixer to make this.
P-PORRIDGE?
We'll eat ours outside, Ma.
Since our snow has all melted I know how to use this stuff.
Tra-la-la! Beats eating it too.
Look what we've made, Snobby-chops— A PORRIDGE MAN!
Very lifelike 'cos Pa is thick and lumpy too.
Bet it can't stand up to our snowballs.
Bet you can't stand up to our porridge balls.
You boundahs!
SPLAT!
NTY.5.1.85
We wouldn't dream of throwing around our breakfast.
Anyhow one can't make poached kidneys into snowballs.

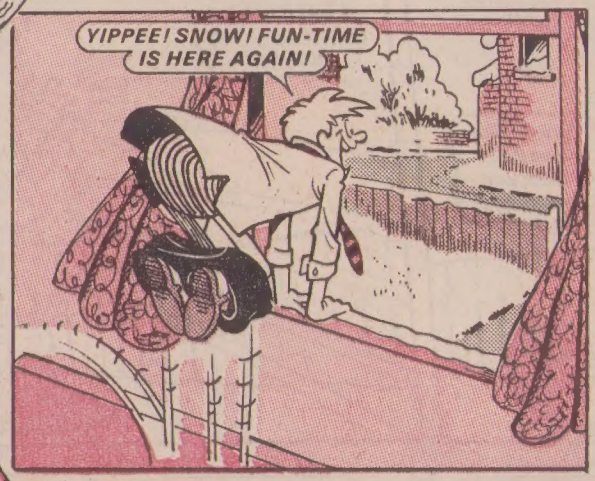
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS











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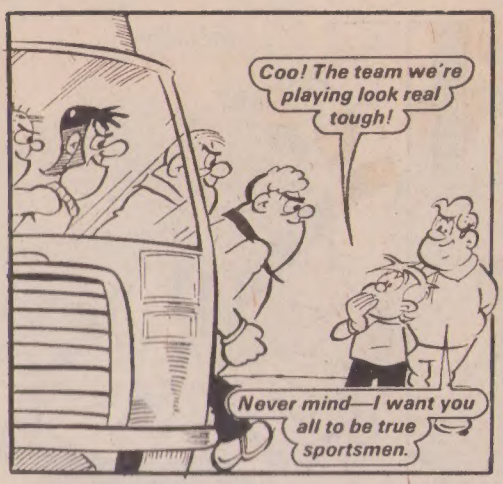
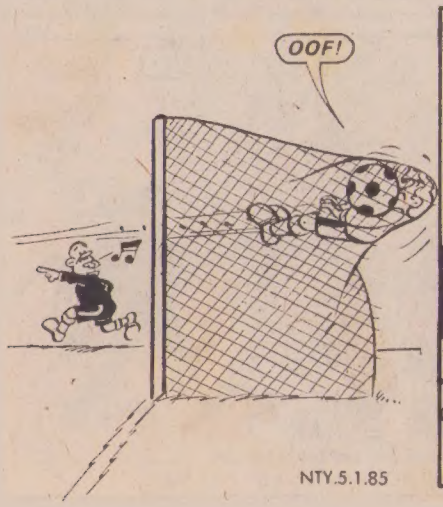
Nobody about—Brown must still be in bed.
BUT—
GLUMPH!
Morning, Dickson! Fair bit of snow about, eh?
I'll get you, Brown!
AT SCHOOL—
Fancy a go on our slide, Ron?
Naw! I've a bit of business to do.
A quick swap of soap flakes for salt should do the trick.
CARETAKER
ROCK SALT
LOX SOAPFLAKES
AND SO—
You know the school rules, you lot—NO SLIDES!
SPOILSPORT!
You've put salt down, Crawley?
Oh, yes, your Headship! A marble couldn't slide down there now!
BUT—
Fine, I'll make— AARGH!
OOPS!
SLIDE
CRAWLEY—MUFFLE—I'LL BRAIN—MUFFLE—YOU!
YEOW!
Sir, school rules say NO SNOWBALLING! HA! HA!
NTY.5.1.85

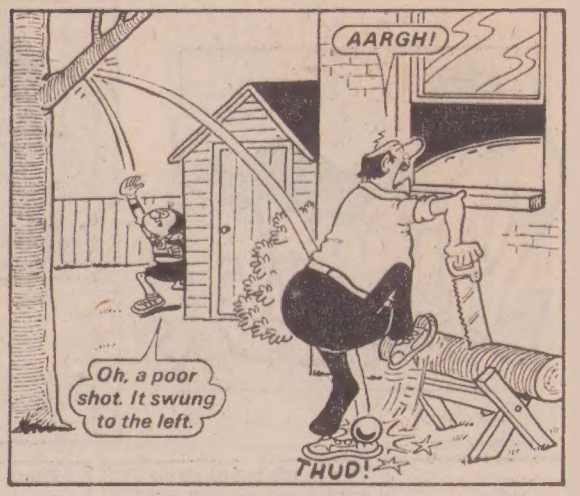
Cannonball Kid

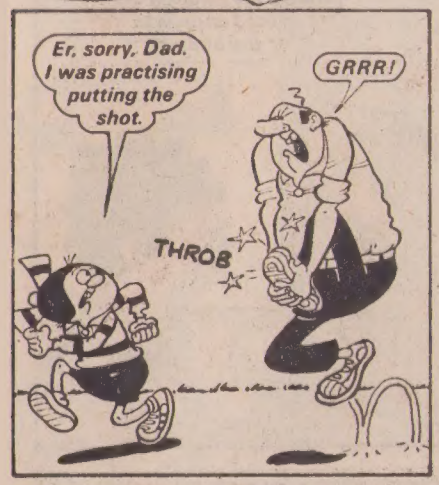


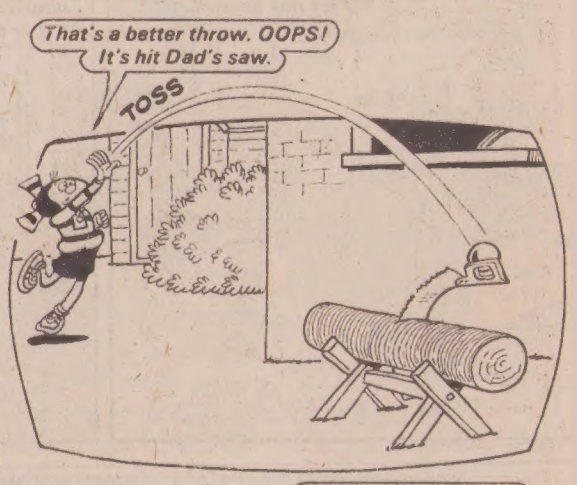


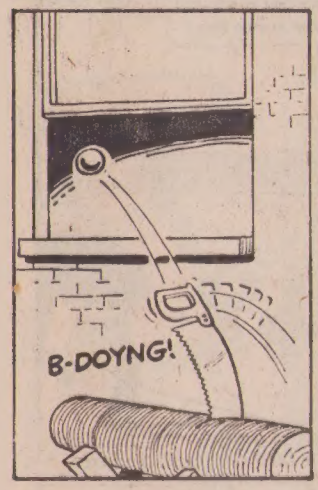
SPORTS FAN

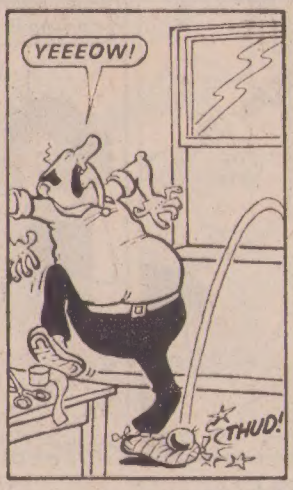
'SME!

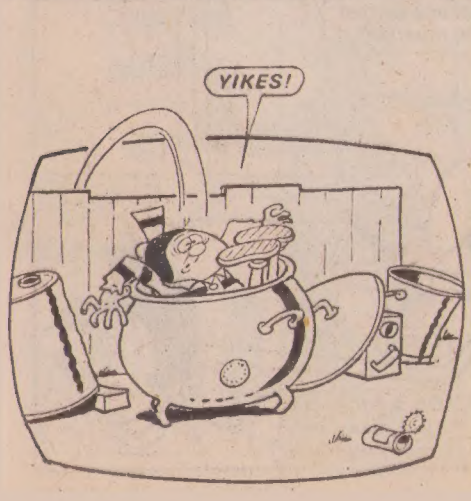


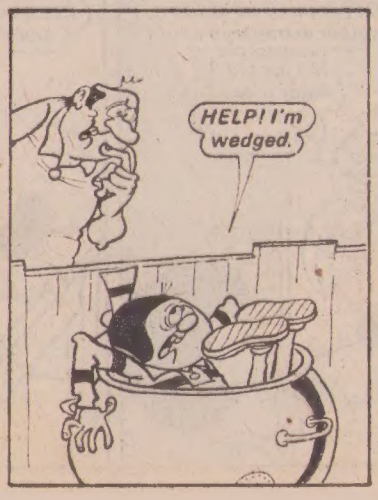












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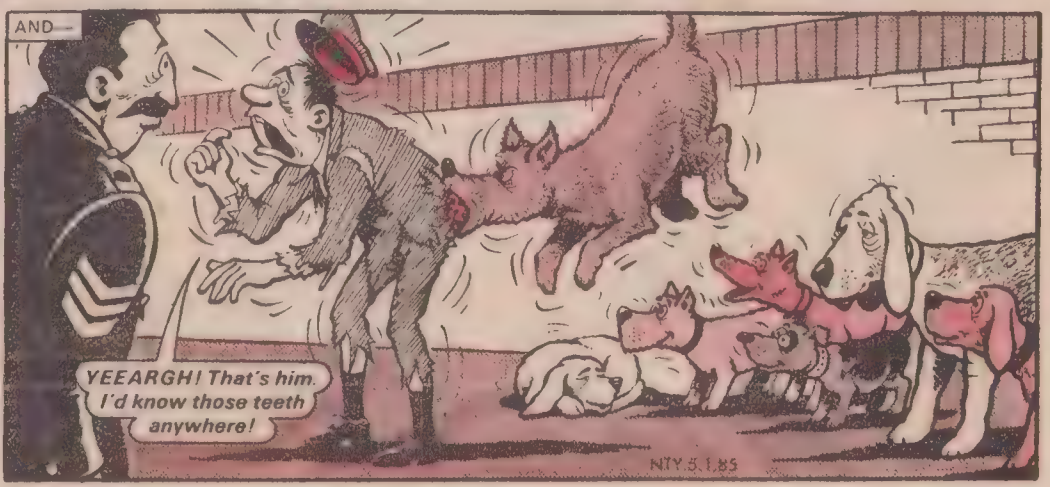
ZZZZ
SNOOZER
You can put out some water for the birds if you like, Snoozer.
Okay, Mum.
PECK! PECK!
BRR-AAGH!
It's too cold for ME going out though.
I've made the birds an ice rink as well.
L-little p-p-perisher!
Think I'll feed the birds now. They'll be starving in this weather.
Here's the Snoozer way to feed crumbs to the birds.
WHIRR!
Snoozer, what are you opening the window for?
You'll see, Mum
How'd you like my automatic bird-feeder?
WHIRR!
It's firing crumbs all over my kitchen.
Look, Mum—the birds are coming in for some heat.
And I'm getting very HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, Snoozer.
Do something about these birds at once, Snoozer.
Okay, Mum—shan't be a jiffy.
OH, NO! I wanted rid of them, not another extra-large one!
It's my old fancy dress outfit, Mum.
NTY.5.1.85
ZZ! Birds of a feather snooze together.
DZZ!
Oh, well! At least they're no longer making a noise.

NUTTY TALES

POLICE
POLICE
I must report this attack to the police.

—And you say you never saw the attacker.
That's right. He sneaked up behind me!

Well, we've rounded up a few suspects for identification. Was it that one?
No. Aaah! No!


AND—
YEEARGH! That's him. I'd know those teeth anywhere!
NTY 5.1.85

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER

YIPPEE! That's Bananaman safely dumped in Switzerland. Now to do dirty deeds all over the place.

BUT—

PHUTT! PHUTT!

OH, NO! I'm out of fuel. If I'm going to beat him I'll have to join him.

MEANWHILE—

Must kit myself out in some sensible alpine clothes, Crow. I don't want to stand out like a sore tonsil.

BLACKS OF ZURICH ALPINE CLOTHES

FITTING ROOM

YODELEEHOO!

A bit tight, are they, Mr B?

Well, Crow—pretty snazzy, eh?

Perfect, apart from the missing feather in your hat.

One of yours will do nicely, Crow.

HOWL! Me and my big beak.

SHORTLY—

We'll just have to make the best of things, Crow.

Let's go sight-seeing by cable car, Mr B.

Now to send Bananaman plunging to his doom with a blast of my heat ray.

There's no room to throw a buffalo in here. OOH! It's getting rather warm.

ZAP!

HEAT-REFLECTING LEATHER TROUSERS

AAGH! I've got my own back.

FA

FUME! My heat ray can still do some damage.

I'll melt all the ski slopes.

AAIEE!

FAZZ!

Howl!

WOW! Where did the alpine horn come from?

NTY 5 1 85

The artist kindly drew it in for me. Don't know what I'd do without him.

BLAAARG!

You've caused a huge avalanche, Mr B.

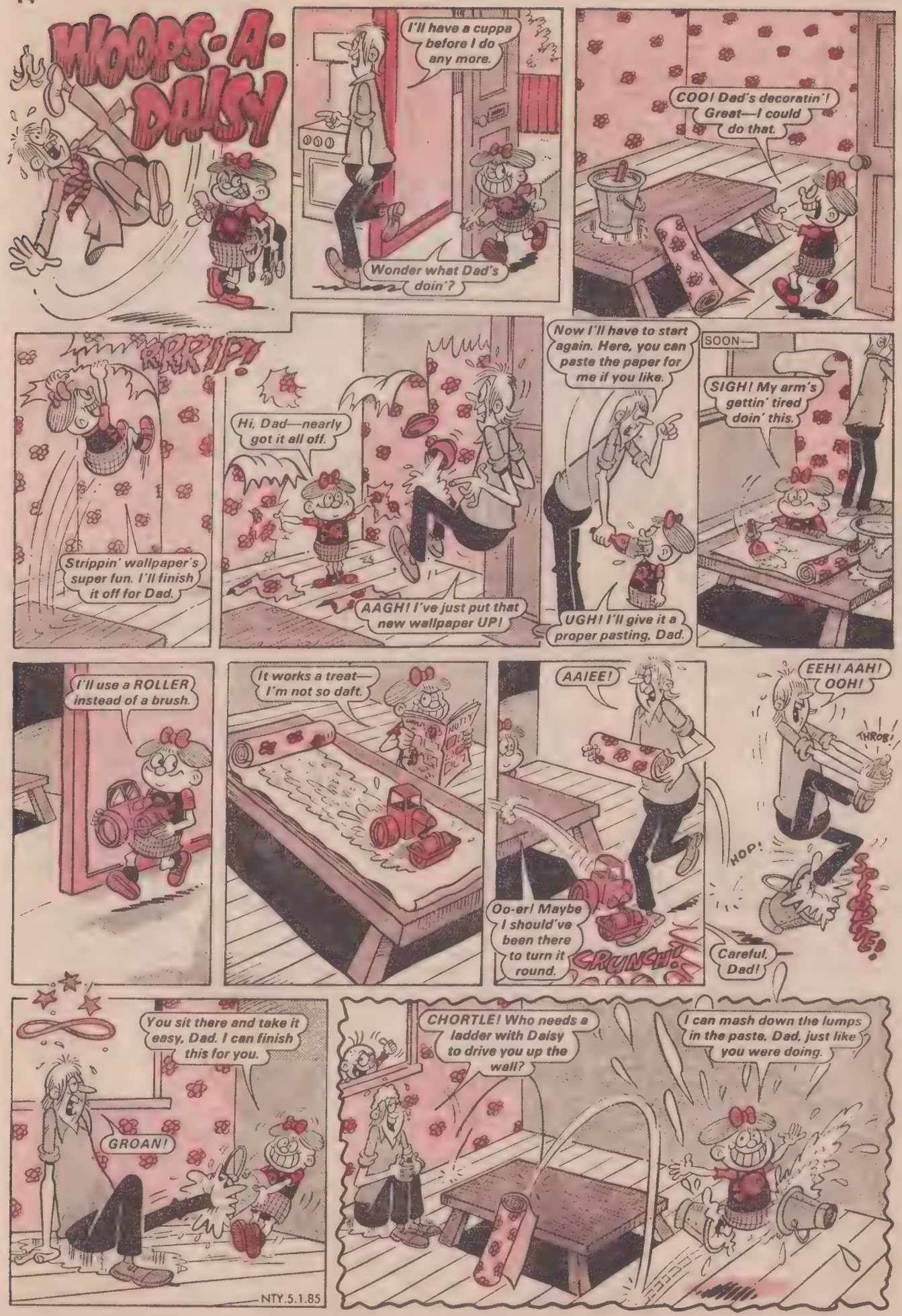
Our ski slopes are better than ever now.

Stupid perishin' ray gun, about as much use as a bald toothbrush.

YUK! YUK! YUK! It's turned out quite warm today, Crow, thanks to Weatherman.

You've not seen the last of me, Bananaman.

NTY.5.1.85


WOOPS-A-DAISY
I'll have a cuppa before I do any more.
Wonder what Dad's doin'?
COO! Dad's decoratin'! Great—I could do that.
RRRIP!
Strippin' wallpaper's super fun. I'll finish it off for Dad.
Hi, Dad—nearly got it all off.
AAGH! I've just put that new wallpaper UP!
Now I'll have to start again. Here, you can paste the paper for me if you like.
UGH! I'll give it a proper pasting, Dad.
SOON—
SIGH! My arm's gettin' tired doin' this.
I'll use a ROLLER instead of a brush.
It works a treat—I'm not so daft.
AAIEE!
Oo-er! Maybe I should've been there to turn it round.
CRUNCH!
EEH! AAH! OOH!
THROB!
HOP!
SLIDE!
Careful, Dad!
You sit there and take it easy, Dad. I can finish this for you.
GROAN!
NTY.5.1.85
CHORTLE! Who needs a ladder with Daisy to drive you up the wall?
I can mash down the lumps in the paste, Dad, just like you were doing.

HORACE COPE

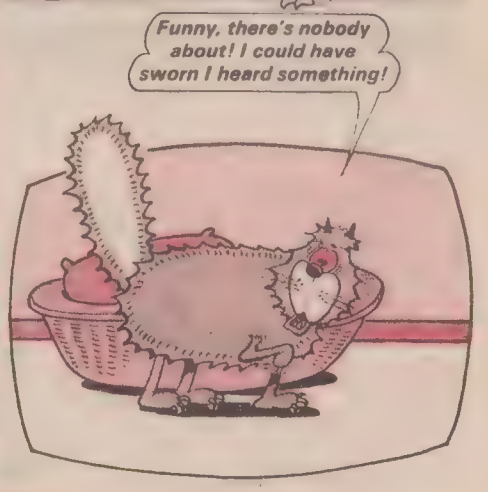
You're a footballer!
Sure am.
Amazin'.
How did you know that, Gran?
I can tell fortunes by feeling the bumps on people's heads.
That man had lots of little bumps—caused by heading a ball.
SOON—
You're a porter at a fruit-market.
That's right.
He had a square head—just right for carrying baskets of fruit.
FRUIT 'n VEG
There's someone coming. You can have a go, but I'll put this blindfold on so you can't cheat!
You're a Red Indian who likes dressmaking in your spare time!
Pardon?
I'm not paying for that ghastly remark. BOO! HOO! Why does nobody love me?
SOFTY
OOH!
TCH! What a fool, Horace!
OH! OH!
CLANG
It doesn't take a fortune teller to know how I got my bumps!
NTY.5.1.85

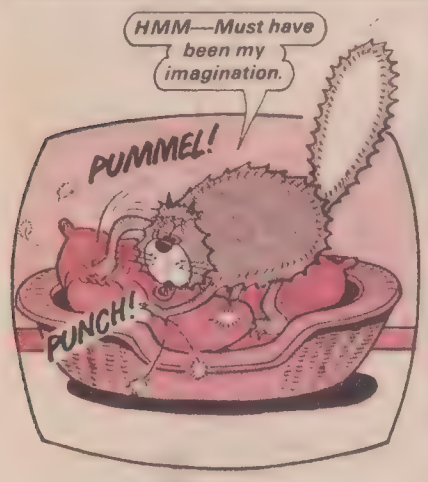
WEEK BY WEEK, meet the zany characters from the hilarious BANANAMAN TV series . . .

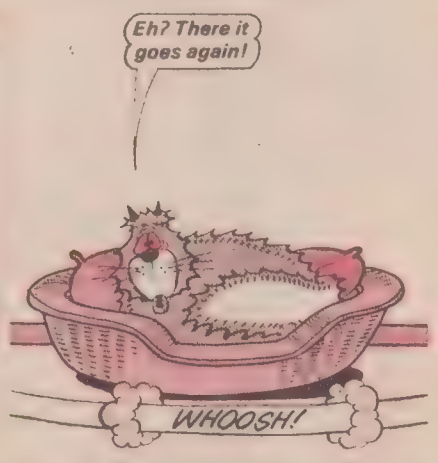
DR. GLOOM
Hi, Readers! I'm giving my new pet cat a test-drive.
He's very friendly. I'll make him a bit bigger.
ERK! WHA—?
CRUMP!
YAAGH!
AND—
I've been assaulted by an enormous moggy!
Nonsense. Tiddles wouldn't harm a fly!
SOON—
It'd be dangerous for us to cause any more trouble just now, but—
I think we'll stick our neck out!
CLICK!
EEARGH!
TRIP!
That's it, Bert. That timid little beast attacked me!
Lemme at 'im! I'll spifflicate him!
NTY.5.1.85

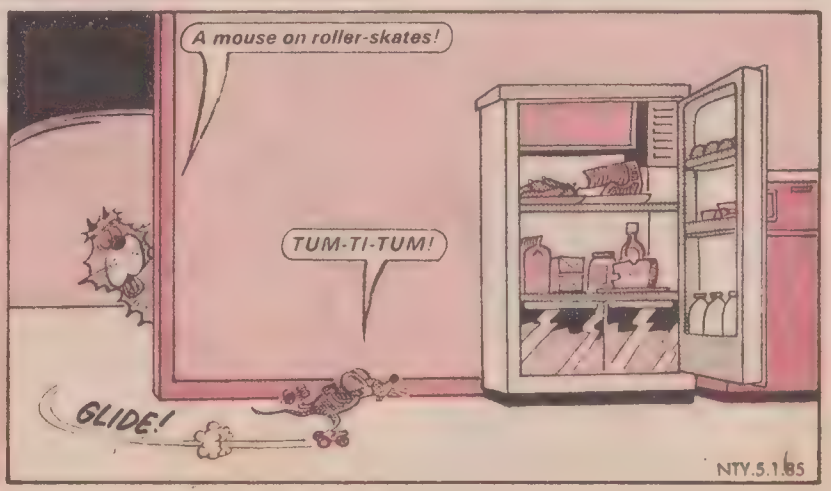
GRR! SNARL!
YIKES! On second thoughts, I can't be bothered cat-bashing today!
BLOOTER!
BYE-EE!
Ho! Ho! I got a KICK out of that!
DUH! A wonderful little ball of fur!
HUP!
DOOPH!
WHOOSH!
Now to try out my feline friend's fish detector.
VROOOOOM!
If it works, I plant a cod on Bananaman, and he'll be at Tiddles' mercy!
I smell a hunk of haddock!
GIMME! GIMME! GIMME!
LEAP!
Hey, me fish!
OH NO!
PLOP!
TCH! I've done it again, Readers. I'm always being CAT out!
NTY.5.1.85

NIP and RRIP









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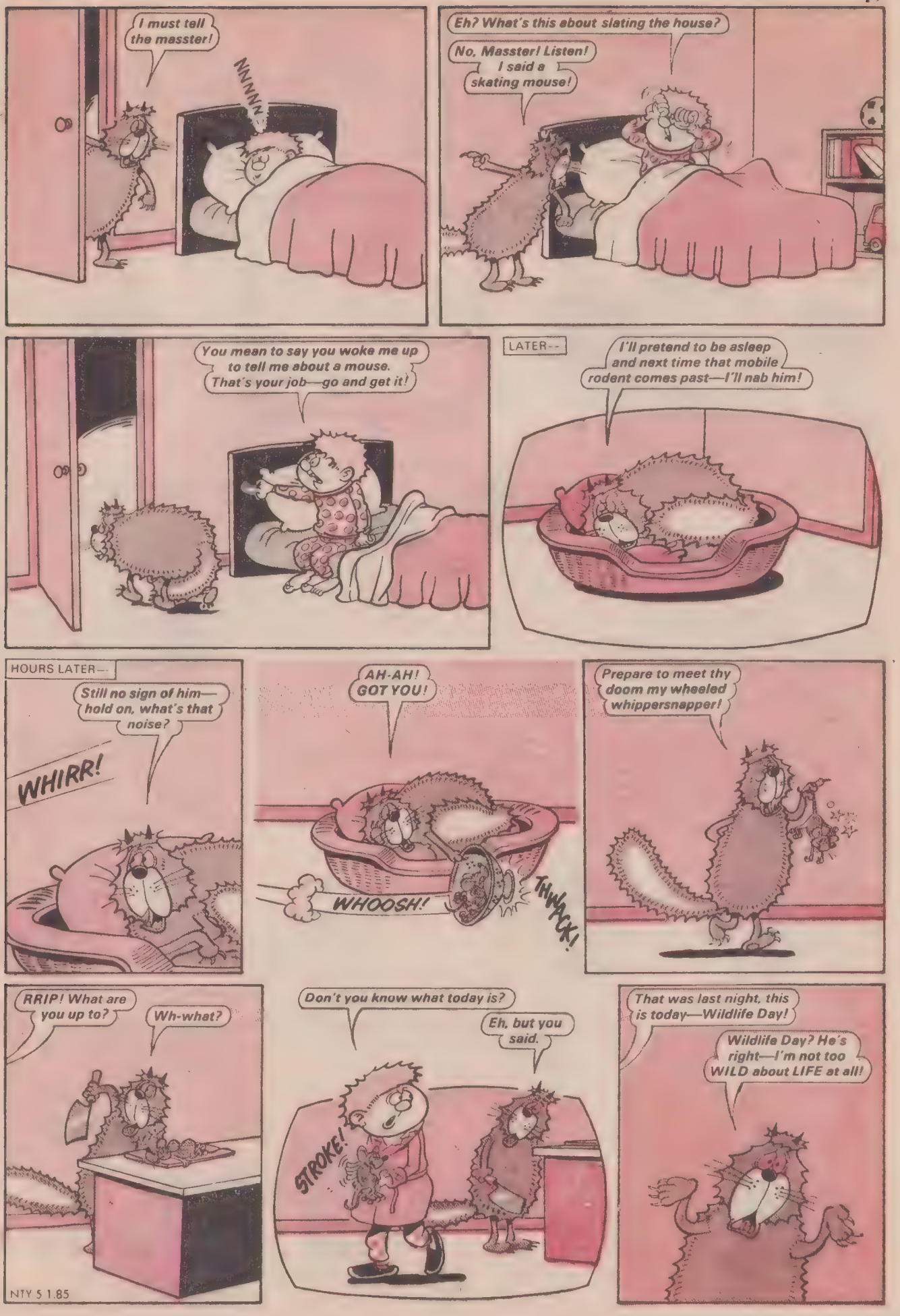
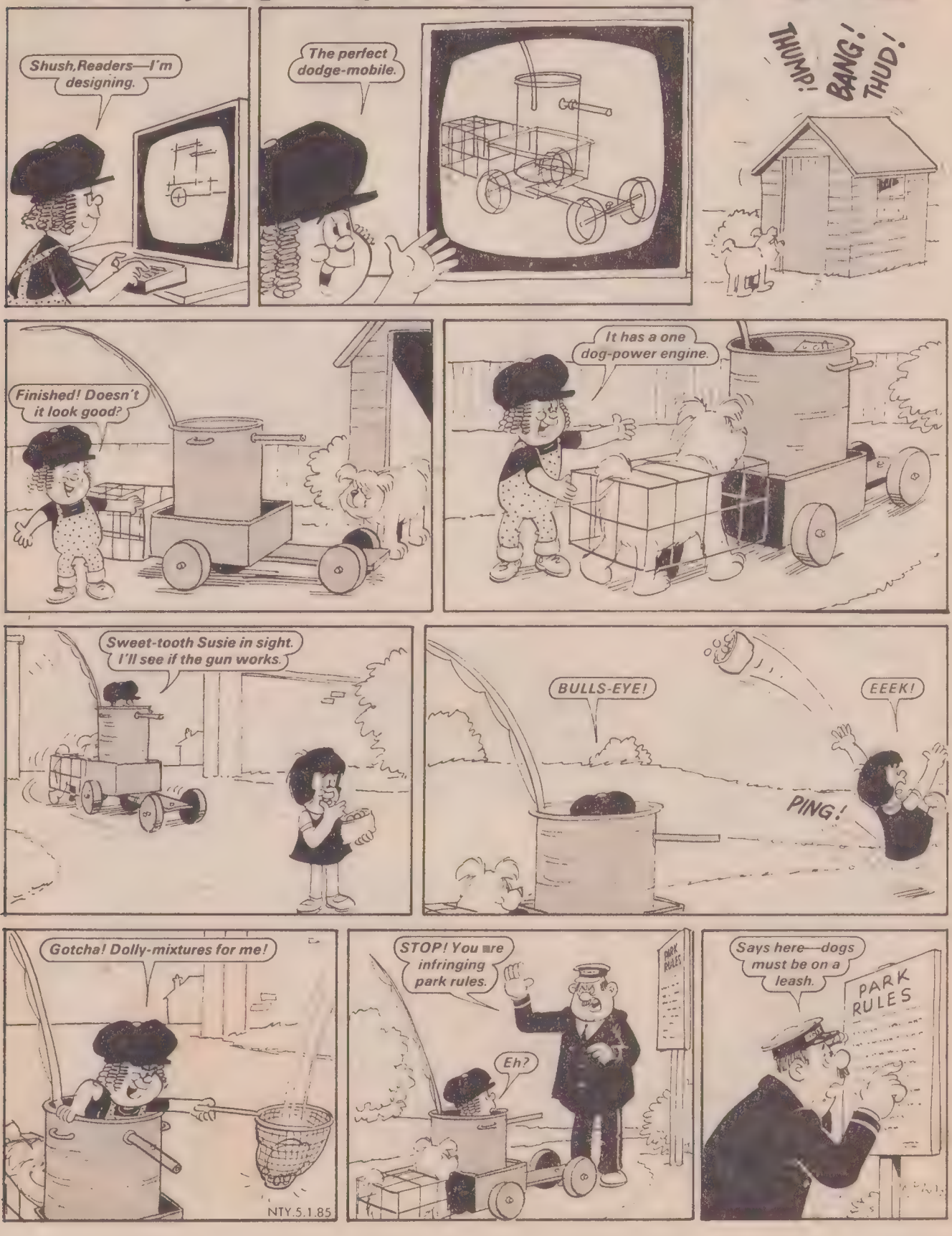
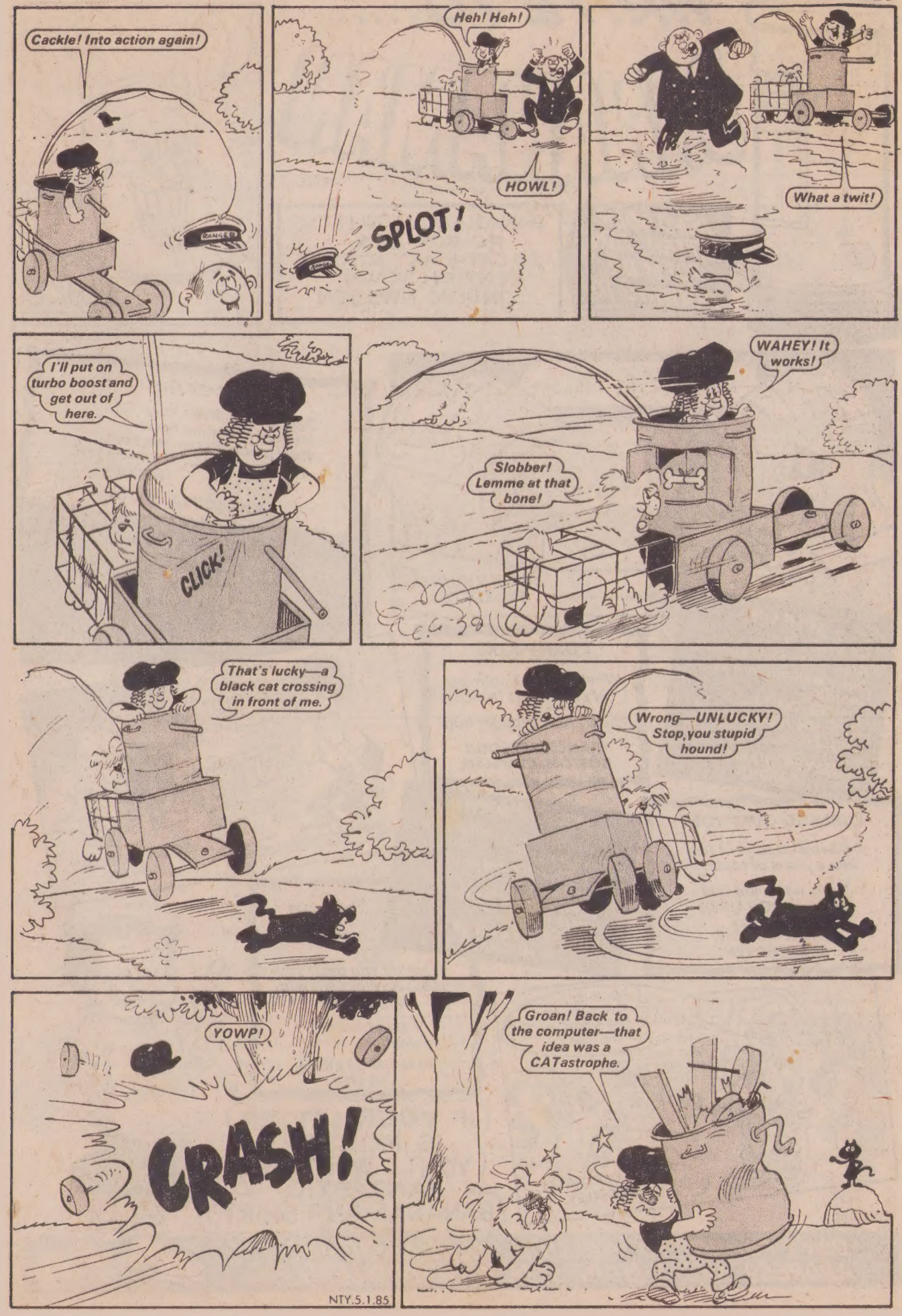

I must tell the masster!
NNNNN
Eh? What's this about slating the house?
No, Masster! Listen! I said a skating mouse!
You mean to say you woke me up to tell me about a mouse. That's your job—go and get it!
LATER--
I'll pretend to be asleep and next time that mobile rodent comes past—I'll nab him!
HOURS LATER--
Still no sign of him—hold on, what's that noise?
WHIRR!
AH-AH! GOT YOU!
WHOOSH!
THWACK!
Prepare to meet thy doom my wheeled whippersnapper!
RRIP! What are you up to?
Wh-what?
Don't you know what today is?
Eh, but you said.
STROKE!
That was last night, this is today—Wildlife Day!
Wildlife Day? He's right—I'm not too WILD about LIFE at all!
NTY 5 1.85

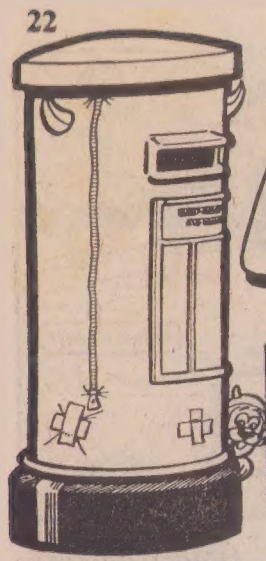
MICRO DOT


Shush, Readers—I'm designing.
The perfect dodge-mobile.
THUMP! BANG! THUD!
Finished! Doesn't it look good?
It has a one dog-power engine.
Sweet-tooth Susie in sight. I'll see if the gun works.
BULLS-EYE!
EEEK!
PING!
Gotcha! Dolly-mixtures for me!
NTY.5.1.85
STOP! You are infringing park rules.
Eh?
Says here—dogs must be on a leash.
PARK RULES


Cackle! Into action again!
DANGER
Heh! Heh!
HOWL!
SPLOT!
What a twit!
I'll put on turbo boost and get out of here.
CLICK!
WAHEY! It works!
Slobber! Lemme at that bone!
That's lucky—a black cat crossing in front of me.
Wrong—UNLUCKY! Stop, you stupid hound!
YOWP!
CRASH!
NTY.5.1.85
Groan! Back to the computer—that idea was a CATastrophe.

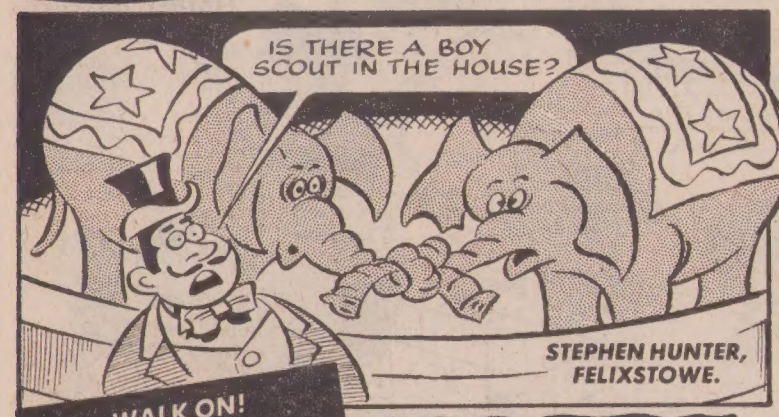
WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.



STEPHEN HUNTER, FELIXSTOWE.

RADI OR NOT!

Radi was a circus lion,
He was a woman hater.
Radi met me gran one day
And guess what? Radi-ate-her!
(Radiator!)

ANNA LOUKA, LEYTON.

KIDS' STUFF!

WIFE:—But Henry, this isn't our baby!
HUSBAND:—Be quiet—it's a better pram.

SONIA WHITE, THURLASTON, NR. RUGBY.

WALK ON!

CANNONBALL KID:—My little sister's been walking for four months.
TWEET WILLIAM:—Coo, she must be awful tired.

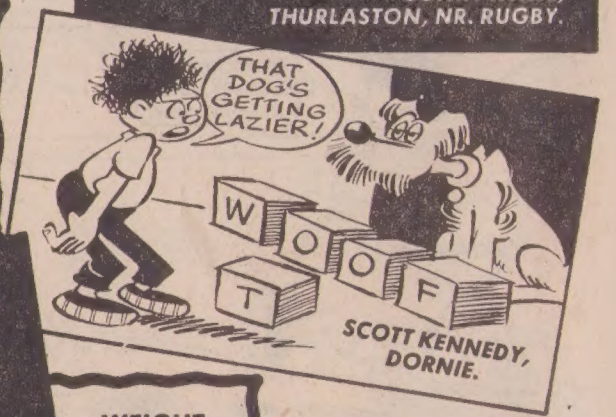
STEVEN CHAPMAN, CARDIFF.

CORNY JOKE

Where did the baby ear of corn come from?

The STALK brought him!

FRANCESS FRECKLE-BOTTOM, CLAPHAM.



SCOTT KENNEDY, DORNIE.

BURNING QUESTION!

"Doctor! Doctor! I feel like a piece of toast."

"Oh, when did this problem POP UP?"

LYNNE CRIGGIE, STONEHAVEN.

MEDICAL MIRTH!

"My doctor's told me to give up golf."
"Why, because of your health?"
"No, he saw my last score card."

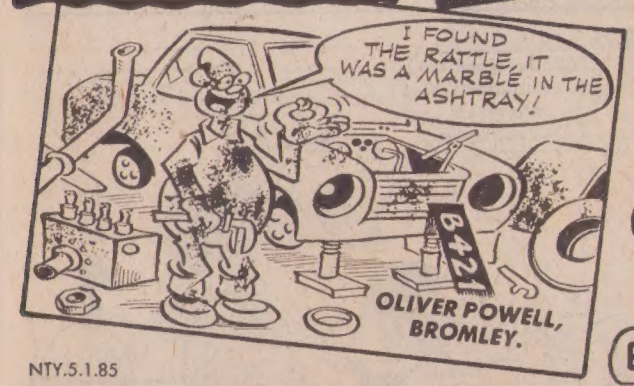
NUTTY READER, HITCHIN.

WEIGHT A MO!

What do you get if you cross an elephant with a sparrow?

Lots of broken telephone wires!

MARTIN GRAHAM, CHESTER.



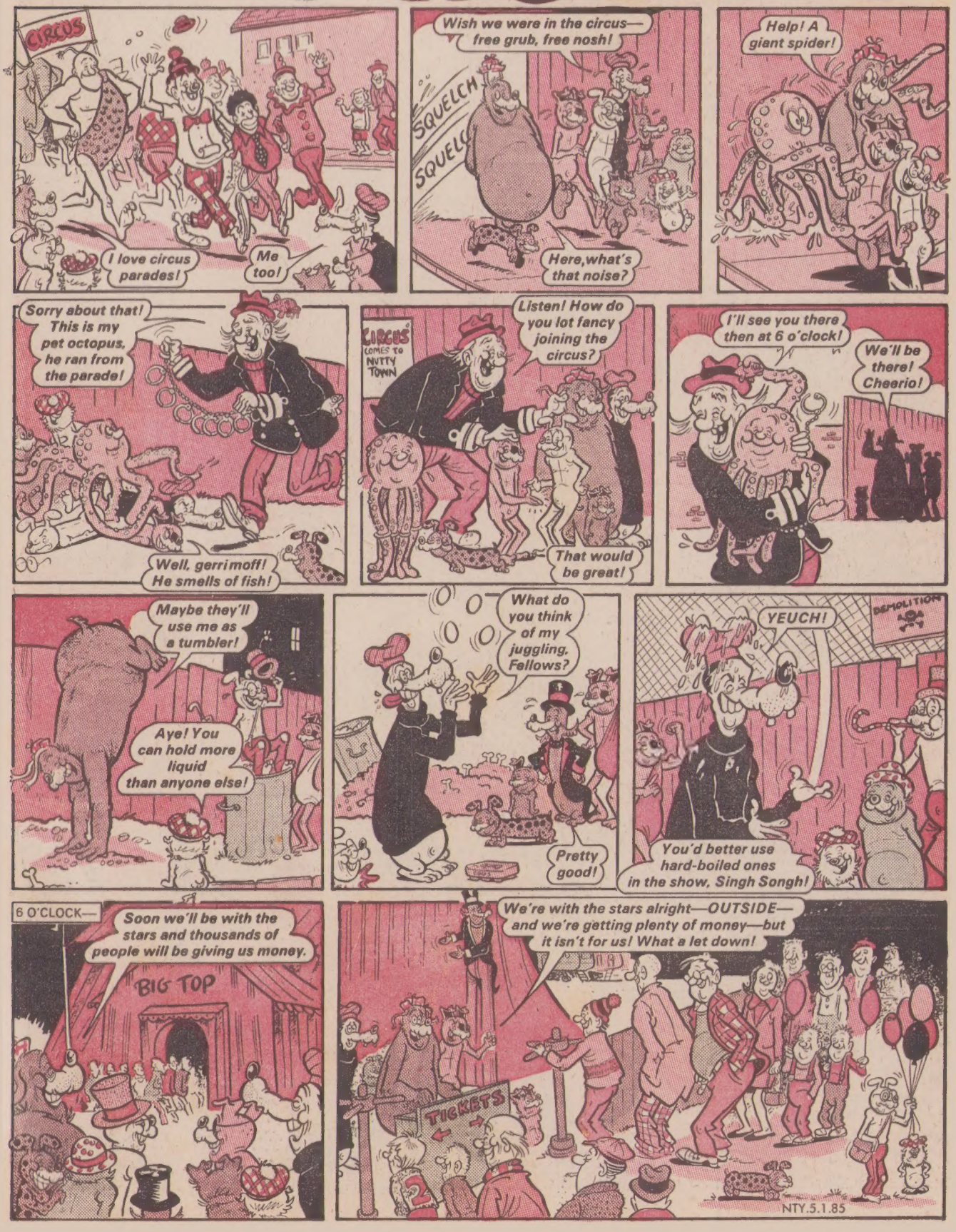
OLIVER POWELL, BROMLEY.

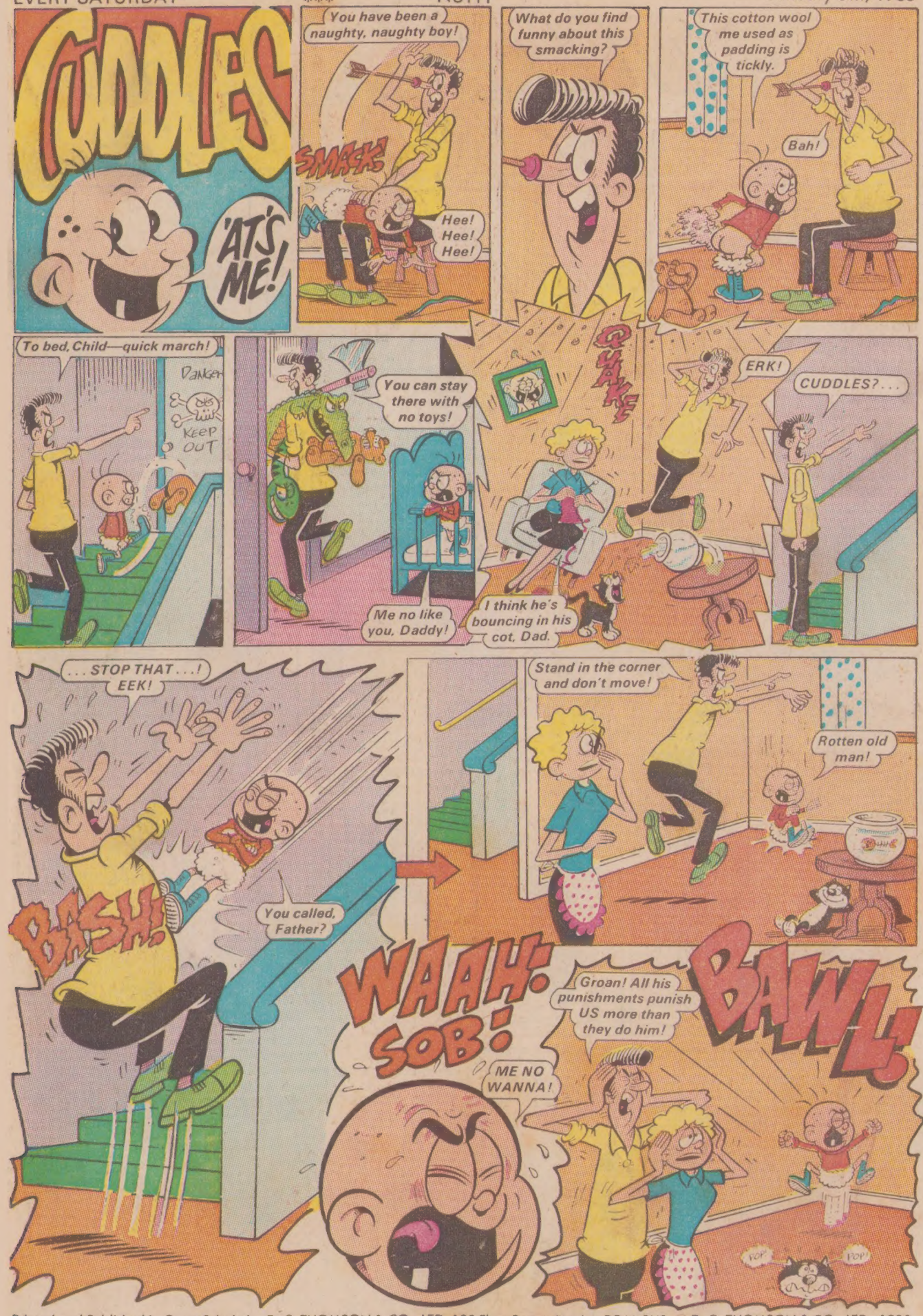
IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY.5.1.85

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS


CIRCUS
I love circus parades!
Me too!
Wish we were in the circus—free grub, free nosh!
SQUELCH
SQUELCH
Here, what's that noise?
Help! A giant spider!
Sorry about that! This is my pet octopus, he ran from the parade!
Well, gerrimoff! He smells of fish!
CIRCUS COMES TO NUTTY TOWN
Listen! How do you lot fancy joining the circus?
That would be great!
I'll see you there then at 6 o'clock!
We'll be there! Cheerio!
Maybe they'll use me as a tumbler!
Aye! You can hold more liquid than anyone else!
What do you think of my juggling, Fellows?
Pretty good!
YEUCH!
DEMOLITION
You'd better use hard-boiled ones in the show, Singh Songh!
6 O'CLOCK—
Soon we'll be with the stars and thousands of people will be giving us money.
BIG TOP
We're with the stars alright—OUTSIDE—and we're getting plenty of money—but it isn't for us! What a let down!
TICKETS
NTY.5.1.85



Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD.,185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1985.